

You play girls like a man, but your eyes are like a child  
Your face is cool and calm, but your hair is wrecked and wild  
You hide behind your metaphors and pray that no one sees  
The fare behind your poker face: your dark and twisted needs  
The girls all think you love them, but they make you feel sick  
You smile and whisper in their ear but drop them just as quick  
The bottles 'round the back all contain the hearts of lovers  
Lipstick stains on the pillow and lies under the covers

Let me in, wear me out  
Let me in, wear me out  
Let me in, wear me out  
Let me in, wear me out

Your fragile heart and your paper skin  
Such a beautiful boy filled with so much sin  
Your reflection is your very worst enemy  
Behind the glass is an angel, but the devil's beneath

You smile at the moon even though it's haunting you  
You wonder if it ever feels as lonely as you do  
Your nose is always bleeding but it's fine 'cause it looks pretty  
It doesn't scare you like it did before the angel city  
You maniac you tortured artist, do you crave attention?  
Your shaking hands a consequence of how much you don't mention  
Your mind was made of magic, now its ugly and diseased  
Hell is in your hair dye and your head's between your knees

Let me in, wear me out  
Let me in, wear me out

Your fragile heart and your paper skin  
Such a beautiful boy filled with so much sin  
Your reflection is your very worst enemy  
Behind the glass is an angel, but the devil's beneath

You're so lonely, choked on money  
Do you ever feel like you completely?  
You're so quiet, eyes look tired  
You look like you're barely alive  
You're unreal, I can feel  
Every single bone by your spine  
You're so pretty when you're spitting  
In the sink, but you can't think straight

Let me in, wear me out  
Let me in, wear me out